

CHARIVARIA.

MR. CHURCHILL has sent to the Secretary of the Dundee branch of the Women's Freedom League what a contemporary describes as "a guarded letter." That, anyhow, is to be preferred to "a guarded speech." It will be remembered that the guarding of Mr. CHURCHILL's speech at Belfast cost the nation some thousands of pounds.

The Pall Mall Gazette has been hammering away at the question of the merits of our Army rifle. But our contemporary forgets that supposing in the course of a war any of our rifles should fall into the hands of the enemy, it is distinctly to our advantage that such weapons should be inferior ones.

The firing of a shot by a man in the House of Commons is peculiarly regrettable. A few more such incidents and we shall forfeit our right to be considered the Gentle Sex.

In view of Mr. ROOSEVELT's shy disposition and hatred of publicity, his decision to accept nomination for the Presidency in the interests of his country does him credit.

The report that Lieutenant BRANDON had attempted to escape from the fortress of Wesel is officially denied. Lieutenant BRANDON is no doubt well aware of the difficulty of catching a Wesel asleep.

An American tourist was arrested in Spandau as a spy while standing for a moment to admire the Julius Tower, where the money belonging to the German War Office is deposited. It is just possible, of course, that he did look rather greedily at it.

We are glad to note that Mr. CHURCHILL has decided to add a motor battleship to the British navy and thus do something to promote peace by casting oil on troubled waters.

In this snippy age there seems to be an increasing demand for potted plays. A compressed version of the "Geisha" has been produced at the Palace Theatre, and the adaptation of "Trilby," revived by Sir HERBERT TREE, is, we note, by Mr. POTTER.

We understand that the CENSOR, who has no wish to be unreasonable, would be willing to withdraw his objection to

"The Secret Woman," on receiving an undertaking that all the persons appearing in the play would speak as inaudibly as did a certain actress on its first production.

* *
"FEWER PIGEONS
MOTOR-CARS SUPPOSED TO BE THE
CAUSE."

That is the theory of the Linnæan Society; but Mr. GALESWORTHY, whose Pigeon has just disappeared from the Royalty Theatre, has other views.

The latest fashion in New York, we are told, is for an engaged girl to wear the portrait of her sweetheart on her slipper. An ingenious bootmaker, we understand, has invented a contrivance



"THERE'S NO COAL LEFT IN THE CELLAR, MA'AM."
"WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE, MARY!"
"BECAUSE THERE WAS SOME, MA'AM."

by which the portrait can be frequently changed without injuring the shoe.

Last week the Great Central newspaper train left the rails between Sheffield and Retford, and was completely wrecked. The accident is supposed to have been due to the foolish ambition of the train not only to carry news but also to make it.

The Westminster City Council contemplates christening one of its new thoroughfares, "Hollar Place." While we should be pleased to see this tribute paid to the great engraver, we fear that to the general public the name will merely suggest unrestricted street cries.

Mr. FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A., has designed a poster for the Smoke Abatement Society. Seeing what fine effects Mr. BRANGWYN has obtained from

smoke, this seems ungrateful. Meanwhile we hear that all our miners are to be made honorary members of the Society.

"Miners," *The Evening News* tells us, "marry at an earlier age than any other members of society." So, curiously enough, do minors.

OUR BUSY CELEBRITIES.

[*"Mrs. Pankhurst cannot spare time to go to gaol just now."*—*Evening News.*]

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is much too busy just now to make any submarine voyages.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE finds his time so fully occupied that he has delegated the opening of the coming Church bazaar at Llandrwyngnog to his daughter MEGAN.

Mr. ASQUITH has so much work on hand just now that it is questionable whether he will be able to enter for the Monthly Medal at Archerfield.

Lord HALDANE has definitely stated that business will not permit of his making any more week-end visits to Berlin for the present.

Mr. BROOKFIELD is so overwhelmed with work that he has been obliged to decline all invitations to see "Dear Old Charlie."

Sir ROBERT MORANT, who is suffering from a violent attack of "insurenza," refuses to stop working, and declares that if the doctors want to see him they must come to Wellington House.

Mr. GARVIN regrets that he cannot find time to read the leading articles in *The Observer* and *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has had his hands so full with other work that he has (luckily) been unable to finish his projected pamphlet, which has for its theme "A National Coal Strike would be England's Salvation."

Mr. D. A. THOMAS has found it quite impossible to visit a theatre while in London, though (as he puts it) he is extremely fond of "doing a pit."

[*LATER.*—It is thought perhaps that Mrs. PANKHURST may find time after all.]

"L. L.—Blushing is due to self-consciousness, and can only be cured by cultivating the habit of not thinking about yourself. Apply a mixture of zinc ointment and olive oil to the nose."

Weekly Scotsman.

This always makes us worse. We can never be quite un-self-conscious when we have anything on our nose.

THE ONLY TIME.

I AM not a good dancer. I do not like dancing with strangers. When I have been to five or six dances with the same partner she has learned by experience to keep her feet out of the way. We are not popular with the other couples because we take up so much floor space at any given moment; but this is a lesser evil, after all.

I do not know why I accepted Mrs. Walter Hempstead's invitation. I did not know any of her party. It was a Charity Dance. Charity covers a multitude of sins—but not that of bad dancing. However, I learned something for my twenty-five shillings.

My hostess introduced me to one girl and then left me to my fate. Miss Mumble (which was as near as I could get to her name) was a tall, queenly, imperious girl. I like tall, queenly, imperious girls. She handed me her programme without allowing this action to interfere with her conversation. There were five vacant spaces. I scribbled my initials in four of them and returned the programme.

"'Lo, Archie," she drawled to a new arrival. She passed the programme on to him without even glancing at it.

"'wfly late. 'S'all you can have."

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Archie.

"Mor'n you d'serve," she replied, as the band struck up the opening bars.

"Ours, I think?" I suggested humbly.

"Oh, is it?" she replied with utter indifference.

I smiled grimly to myself. She would not remain indifferent for long! Fortune favoured me at the start. For once in my life I steered a partner half-way round the room without damage. It came to me that for once in my life I was dancing divinely.

"Want to waltz it all the time?"

I gasped and stopped suddenly. The couple behind us stopped even more suddenly. Then we stopped again a foot further on. "Isn't it a waltz? Not a two-step, is it? I forgot to look at the programme."

"Programme? I always prefer to go by what the orchestra is doing. Shall we go on? I don't want to be run into again."

I tried a two-step. I trod upon her right foot, apologised, and stepped off it on to her left. "I don't think it is a two-step," I suggested.

"I'm quite sure of it," she replied. "No, please don't stop—at least not in the middle of the room. No, it didn't hurt, thanks. You didn't get the tender place again. Don't you Boston?"

"No," I admitted regretfully, "I can't. I have only learned how to waltz."

"Have you?" she inquired, with great interest, as she put her foot under mine once again.

"How does one Boston?" I asked desperately.

"Oh, I really can't explain it. You dance it half-time and it isn't a waltz. Every man invents his own. That's the charm of it. Each man dances entirely different steps. All right, thanks, it was their fault. They ought to have seen us coming, and realised—"

She broke off the sentence abruptly. Whether this was out of politeness or because our feet met again I do not know. I like tall, queenly girls, and I decided to win my way into her good graces. If she desired to Boston—Boston she should. I had never invented a dance before, and it was not till we had bumped our way twice round the room that my invention was perfected in theory.

"The room being now less crowded," I remarked casually, "we will Boston."

"But I thought you said—"

"I have invented one. It is not a waltz and you do it half-time."

As I knew the dance and she did not it was only to be expected that she would not remove her feet at the right time. She fully realised my expectations.

"What are you doing?" she asked indignantly.

"My own Boston," I replied triumphantly. "You hop once on each foot, then twice on both feet. Do you see the idea?"

"Perfectly," she said coldly. "Do you mind hopping off mine and trying to waltz again? Dancing slippers are no protection to one's insteps."

It was her remark about dancing half-time that suggested a possible clue. Her foot and my own had tried to occupy the same portion of space at the same second of time. I quite willingly ceded the victory to her foot as it arrived there first, but my apologies were beginning to lack novelty. It was then that it struck me that some girls might prefer to dance three-quarter time. Of course, if she was dancing three-quarter or five-eighth time, while I was going full speed ahead with whole time—

"Oh, by the way," I inquired lightly, "what time do you prefer dancing?"

Her reply was unnecessarily frigid. "In time with the music, please. Shall we sit down?"

I have since studied my initials carefully, and they do not resemble the word 'Archie' in the slightest. I can only hope that she is short-sighted, for I am sure she would not waltz with me if she had seen my other three dances.

TO HIS MOTHER.

(A quite disinterested warning from over-the-way.)

We walk in mists, the world is dark,
But sometimes out of heaven
There falls the fire, the sacred spark,
As if ambrosial leaven
Were mingled with this mortal
dough,
And genius is born: we know,
Because the popsy-wopsy's crow
Is loud enough for seven.

As in a grey world dawns the sun
And sends his laughter through it,
As golden lakes of treacle run
Round the impassive suet,
So is a child like this a joy
To all the street without alloy,
But what I say is this: the boy
Ought not to overdo it.

Taking your "darling dickums" then,
Madam, the gods who dower
Have given to earth no specimen,
Have brought to bloom no flower,
So filled with all perfections rolled
Tight into one and stamped with
gold,
Judging, of course, at eight months'
old
Chiefly by vocal power.

Primate, d'you think, or Premier?
'Tis hard to say what fate owes
To such an one, but still, "*Oh ter*
Quaterque fortunatos"
Ye Englishmen whose lives shall
fall
Within the period of his thrall!
Myself I think he has a call
For selling hot potatoes.

But void of ruth are Nature's laws,
And men may lose the pearly
And priceless gifts she gives because
They use them up too early:
Both KEATS and CHATTERTON died
young:
Madam, your boy may strain a
lung,
I think you ought to use a bung
And choke that hurly-burly.

Else in the dim and distant days
Shall be no proud centenary,
No girding of his bust with bays
Nor other votive greenery:
Think of the future, do, and stop
His mouth up with the nearest sop,
Or something will be going pop
Inside the kid's machinery.

EVOE.

"The Right Hon. John Burns is now happily recovered from his recent attack of gastric hilarity, caught in a railway train."

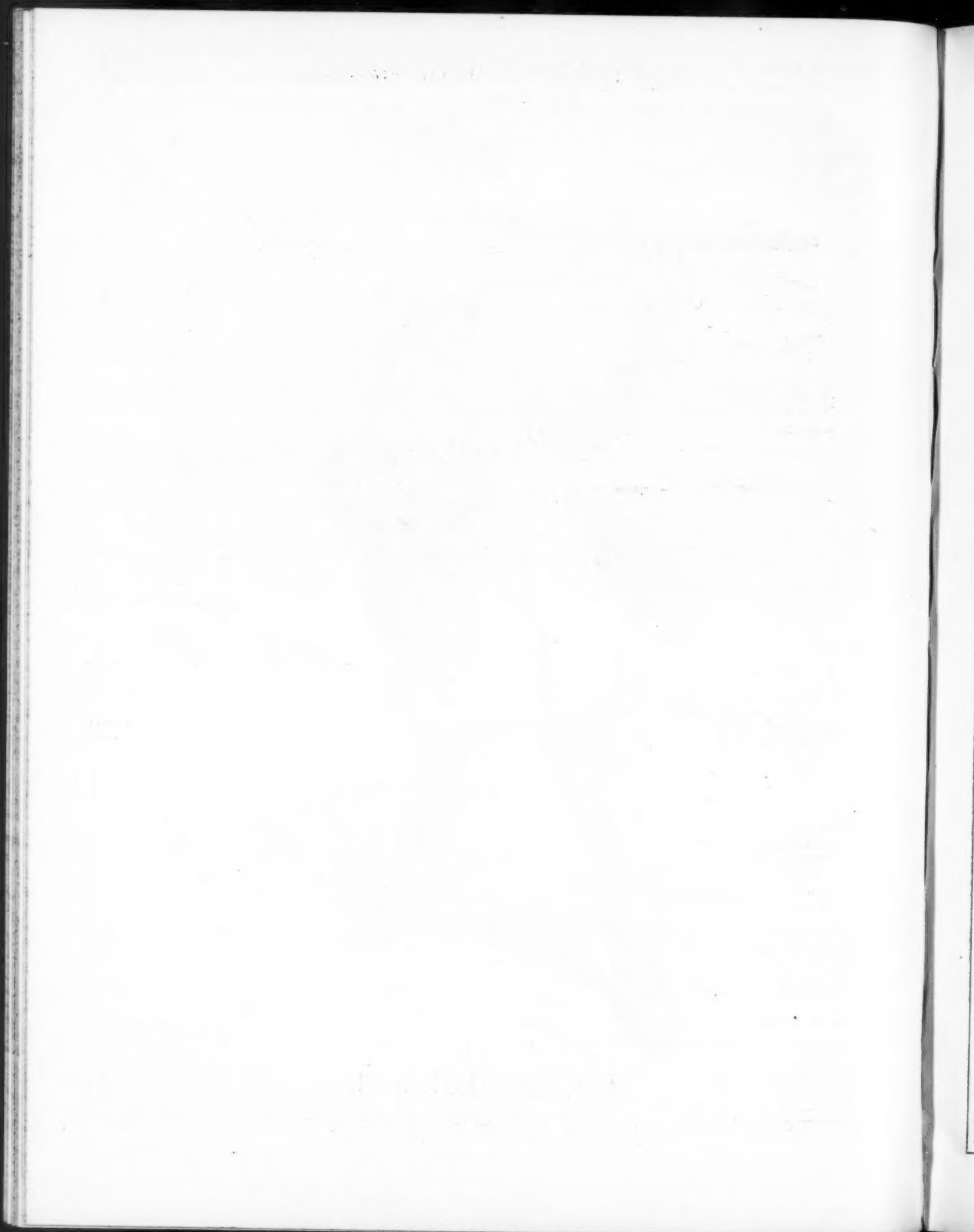
Western People.

We hope he was not reading one of those funny newspaper cuttings in *Punch*.



A LATE BEGINNER.

HALDANE (*the Hawker*). "I'VE ONLY JUST TAKEN TO THIS SPORT; BUT I MEAN TO BE A MATCH FOR ANY OF THEM."





Chatty Old Cabby (pulling up to address theatre-queue performers at the moment of their greatest and culminating effort). "WOT O, MATE! 'OW'S BIZZNESS TO-NIGHT!"

AN AFRICAN IDYLL.

["The Jinja-Kakendu Railway, which runs through the Busoga district of Uganda, is being extended to Namasagali with a view to the avoidance of the sleeping-sickness area and the improvement of the connection with the steamboat service on Lake Kioga. The name of the railway has therefore been changed recently to the Jinja-Namasagali Railway, but it has now been announced that it is to be known in future as the Busoga Railway."—*Daily Press*.]

JINJA BUSOGA's earliest flame

Was in the fashionable push.

Lewis Kakendu was his name,

But she arranged, with many a blush,
He'd take when wed, as proper men do,
A double name—Jinja-Kakendu.

But, when he died of sleeping sickness,

Charles Namasagali's pretty figure
Caught Jinja's eye with pleasing
quickness.

A double name she thought *de rigueur*
And, before marriage, pressed on Charlie
The name of Jinja-Namasagali.

But Charles, though sleeping-sickness
proof,

Soon sickened of a name so frightful,
And, as he wanted Jinja's oof

And all her property delightful
Stretching as far as Lake Kioga,
He took her father's name, Busoga.

THE THINGS THAT ARE WORTH ITALICISING.

(With thanks to "The P. M. G.")

There is no doubt that we buy too few evening papers. Talking recently to a brilliant woman at a dinner-party she confessed to me that she never bought an evening paper at all, and her husband bought only one. They are both probably typical of this fatuous country. I naturally told her what she ought to do, with my usual directness and acumen.

"It is the duty of everyone," I said, "to stick to one paper and to buy every edition of it. I will not name the best paper: there is no need; I will content myself with repeating this counsel."

In reply she asked me if the paper differed very materially in each edition, and I told her that in so far as news went it did.

"But," she said, "your own delightful little articles, so *same* and shrewd and, in spite of the great provocation which you must continually suffer from so stupid a world, so good-tempered—do they not change in each edition?"

I had to tell her, of course, that they did not. They were crystallised exquisitely early in the morning and retained their flawless shape throughout the day.

"What a shame!" she said, "because surely, Mr. Ffill, you must have so many valuable ideas during the day which could come in at intervals with the winners and not be wasted. Couldn't there be a new Stop Press Great Thought in each issue? Then I would willingly buy them all."

I quite saw her point, but I could not undertake to gratify her very natural wish. But, of course, the fact remains that we are not a wise people and are greatly in need of admonition and advice. On all sides I see it. Do not then, I would say, spend so much money on inferior books, inferior music, inferior pictures, inferior food and inferior clothes, but keep your minds tense and alert with the "Early Special," the "Luncheon Particular," the "3 O'clock Important," the "4 O'clock Special," the "Late Special," the "Latest," the "Very Latest," and the "Final."

YOUNGSON FILL.

"By raising the arms above the head, and dropping them heavily at the sides, the knots are untied, and the same should be done with the legs."—*Daily Graphic*.

This seems to be the homœopathic cure for knots in the legs.

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

VI.—THE YOUNGER SON'S.

It is a hard thing to be the younger son of an ancient but impoverished family. The fact that your brother Thomas is taking most of the dibs restricts your inheritance to a paltry two thousand a year, while pride of blood forbids you to supplement this by following any of the common professions. Impossible for a St. Verax to be a doctor, a policeman or an architect. He must find some nobler means of existence.

For three years Roger St. Verax had lived precariously by betting. To be a St. Verax was always to be a sportsman. Roger's father had created a record in the sporting world by winning the Derby and the Waterloo Cup with the same animal—though, in each case, it narrowly escaped disqualification. Roger himself almost created another record by making betting pay. His book, showing how to do it, was actually in the press when disaster overtook him.

He began by dropping (in sporting parlance) a cool thousand on the Jack Joel Selling Plate at Newmarket. On the next race he dropped a cool five hundred, and later on in the afternoon a cool seventy-five pounds ten. The following day found him at Lingfield, where he dropped a cool monkey (to persevere with the language of the racing stable) on the Solly Joel Cup, picked it up on the next race, dropped a cool pony, dropped another cool monkey, dropped a cool wallaby, picked up a cool hippopotamus, and finally, in the last race of the day, dropped a couple of luke-warm ferrets. In short, he was (as they say at Tattersall's Corner) entirely cleaned out.

When a younger son is cleaned out there is only one thing for him to do. Roger St. Verax knew instinctively what it was. He bought a new silk hat and a short black coat, and went into the City.

What a wonderful place, dear reader, is the City! You, madam, who read this in your daintily upholstered boudoir, can know but little of the great heart of the City, even though you have

driven through its arteries on your way to Liverpool Street Station, and have noted the bare and smoothly brushed polls of the younger natives. You, Sir, in your country vicarage, are no less innocent, even though on sultry afternoons you have covered your head with the Financial Supplement of *The Times* in mistake for the Literary Supplement, and have thus had thrust upon you the stirring news that Bango-Bangos were going up. And I, dear friends, am equally ignorant of the secrets of the Stock Exchange. I know that its members frequently walk to Brighton, and still more frequently stay there; that while finding a home for all the good stories which have been going the rounds for years, they

A number of hopeful ladies and gentlemen having been located in these parts the Company went ahead rapidly, and in 1907 a new prospector was sent out to replace the one who was assumed to have been eaten.

In 1908, Roger first heard the magic word "reconstruction," and to his surprise found himself in possession of twenty thousand pounds and a directorship of the new Bango-Bango Mining Company.

In 1909 a piece of real gold was identified, and the shares went up like a rocket.

In 1910 the Stock Exchange suddenly woke to the fact that rubber tyres were made of rubber, and in a moment the Great Boom was sprung upon an amazed City. The

Bango-Bango Development Company was immediately formed to take over the Bango-Bango Mining Company (together with its prospector, if alive, its plant, shafts and other property, not forgetting the piece of gold) and more particularly to develop the vegetable resources of the district with the view of planting rubber trees in the immediate future. A neatly compiled prospectus put matters very clearly before the stay-at-home Englishman. It explained quite concisely that, supposing the trees were

planted so many feet apart throughout the whole property of five thousand square miles, and allowing a certain period for the growth of a tree to maturity, and putting the average yield of rubber per tree at, in round figures, so much, and assuming for the sake of convenience that rubber would remain at its present price, and estimating the cost of working the plantation at say, roughly, £100,000, why, then it was obvious that the profits would be anything you liked up to two billion a year—while (this was important) more land could doubtless be acquired if the shareholders thought fit. And even if you were certain that a rubber-tree couldn't possibly grow in the Bango-Bango district (as in confidence it couldn't) still it was worth taking shares purely as an investment, seeing how rapidly rubber was going up; not to mention the fact that Roger



"WHAT AN ABSURD LITTLE WATCH!"

"IT KEEPS VERY GOOD TIME."

"AH! IT MAY DO NOW, BUT WAIT TILL THE LONGER DAYS COME!"

sometimes invent entirely new ones for themselves about the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; and that they sing the National Anthem very sternly in unison when occasion demands it. But there must be something more in it than this, or why are Bango-Bangos still going up?

I don't know. And I am sorry to say that even Roger St. Verax, a director of the Bango-Bango Development Company, is not very clear about it all.

It was as a director of the Bango-Bango Exploration Company that he took up his life in the City. As its name implies the Company was originally formed to explore Bango-Bango, an impenetrable district in North Australia; but when it came to the point it was found much more profitable to explore Hampstead, Clapham Common, Blackheath, Ealing and other rich and fashionable suburbs.

St. Verax, the well-known financier, was a director. . . . and so on.

In short the Bango-Bango Development Company was, in the language of the City, a safe thing.

Let me hasten to the end of this story. At the end of 1910 Roger was a millionaire; and for quite a week afterwards he used to wonder where all the money had come from. In the old days, when he won a cool thousand by betting, he knew that somebody else had lost a cool thousand by betting, but it did not seem to be so in this case. He had met hundreds of men who had made fortunes through rubber; he had met hundreds who bitterly regretted that they had missed making a fortune; but he had never met anyone who had lost a fortune. This made him think the City an even more wonderful place than before.

But before he could be happy there remained one thing for him to do; he must find somebody to share his happiness. He called on his old friend, Mary Brown, one Sunday.

"Mary," he said, with the brisk confidence of the City man, "I find I'm disengaged next Tuesday. Will you meet me at St. George's Church at 2? I should like to show you the curate and the vestry and one or two things like that."

"Why, what's happened?"

"I am a millionaire," said Roger calmly. "So long as I only had my beggarly pittance, I could not ask you to marry me. There was nothing for it but to wait in patience. It has been a long weary wait, dear, but the sun has broken through the clouds at last. I am now in a position to support a wife. Tuesday at 2," he went on, consulting his pocket diary; "or I could give you half-an-hour on Monday morning."

"But why this extraordinary hurry? Why mayn't I be married properly, with presents and things?"

"My dear," said Roger reproachfully, "you forget. I am a City man now, and it is imperative that I should be married at once. Only a married man, with everything in his wife's name, can face with confidence the give and take of the bustling City." A. A. M.

"Luckily, perhaps, for Shakespeare he did not live in the days of the emigration agent. Had he done so one may easily imagine that force of circumstances might have interfered with a famous dictum. Living to-day, he would see quite clearly that in the spring a young man's fancy turns more to thoughts of emigration than of love."—*Daily Dispatch*.

Another thing which SHAKESPEARE would probably see quite clearly, if he were living to-day, would be a copy of TENNYSON'S Works.



AT CONSTITUTION HILL.

Old Lady. "Is THAT WHAT THEY CALL THE 'QUADRUPEL' OFFICER?"
Obliging Policeman. "Yes, MUM; ALL EXCEPT THE LADY!"

"More definite treatment for a cold is for the patient to take a hot bath, immediately after going to bed between the blankets."—*Globe*.
Belonging as we do to the Moderate Abstainers' League our motto is "No baths between blankets."

We understand that the publication by Mr. STANLEY PAUL of a novel called *Duckworth's Diamonds* is to be followed by the publication of *Paul's Pearls* from the house of DUCKWORTH. Other works in preparation are *Blackwood's Brilliants*, *Macmillan's Moonstones* and *Constable's Cat's Eyes*.

"In the course of a bit of cross talk, Mr. Waite made a delightful Irish bull when he said that The Thespians rehearsed fifteen days a week. Roars of laughter rang throughout the hall at this lovely 'lapis linguae.'"—*Buenos Aires Standard*.

We reprint this in order that roars of laughter may now ring through many an English hall. If you miss the note at a first reading come back to this page to-morrow morning and try again.

The Acrobat.

"Mr. Leo Dryden commenced his career singing in the streets on a crust."
Rangoon Gazette.

THE COMMERCIAL DRAMA.

[SIR J. LYONS, whose one-act play appears at the Palace Theatre, declares his aim to be to treat Drama from the business point of view.]

CRITIQUE, by our Financial Expert, of the *première* of the BROS. MELVILLE'S new drama, *The Forger Foiled* :—

VILLAIN'S INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT.				CR.			
Dr.							
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To—Legal expenses while in prison	986	6	8	By—Forged Will	152,496	3	4
" Bribery	7,093	17	2	" Blackmail	27,009	17	1
" Personal Expenses—Champagne, cigars, dressing, banquets, week-ends, motoring	110,006	3	1	" Swindling at Cards	16,896	3	9
" Gambling losses	8,678	12	5	" Embezzled—			
" Music-halls	1,899	2	11	Hero	5,813	0	6
" Restoration of ill-gotten gains	19,223	18	9	Own Sister	123	8	4
" Cost of Inquest	21	0	0	Widow	0	0	7
" Poison	15	13	6	Cab bilking	0	7	4
" Disgorge—Proceeds of Forged Will (as <i>per contra</i>)	152,496	3	4	" Deficit	5,936	16	9
	£300,420	17	10		98,081	16	11
					£300,420	17	10

HEROINE'S ACCOUNT.				CR.			
Dr.							
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To—Donations to charities, parish work, sick poor, orphans, etc.	25	7	9½	By—Earned by needlework	0	0	7½
" Purchase of dresses	0	14	3½	" Received from Clergy Orphans' Fund	0	14	6
" Legal expenses—				" Deficit	2,623	2	0½
Finding Hero	1,221	6	8				
Discovery of Wills	534	3	4				
Detection of Villain	841	15	11½				
" Personal expenses	0	9	1				
	£2,623	17	1½		2,623	17	1½

HERO'S ACCOUNT.				CR.			
Dr.							
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To—Sleuth Hounds	2	3	6	By—Wages earned as cabin-boy in First Act, less unjust deductions by employer	5	9	6
" Deficit brought forward from Heroine's account	2,623	2	0½	" Charitable donations from sympathisers	21	17	0
" Personal expenses	1	14	4	" Proceeds of Will disgorged by Villain	152,496	3	4
" Charities—Sick Comrades, Oppressed Victims, Shipwrecked Crew	74	6	2	" Buried Treasure from wreck (South Pacific)	86,502	16	8
" Purchase of firearms (including cartridge used on Villain in last Act)	5	15	1				
" Elopement	2	2	0				
" Amusements	0	3	2½				
" Given to Widowed Mother	87	2	4½				
" Banquet to friends, village re-joicing, fireworks, etc., at finish	120	4	11				
" Balance—Cash in hand	236,109	12	10½				
	£239,026	6	6		£239,026	6	6

I CERTIFY that I have audited the books of *The Forger Foiled*, as produced at the Lyceum Theatre, and that the foregoing fairly represents the state of affairs of the principal parties at the fall of the curtain. The accounts of the Villain were in a mass of confusion and fraudulently kept, and the available assets represented by dishonoured bills, bogus cheques and investments of a highly speculative nature. The Hero appears to have been of an unbusiness-like type; his assets at the beginning of the play consisted solely of his savings as cabin-boy (16s. 2d.) and a silver watch, his financial position being greatly strengthened by a sum of £152,496 3s. 4d. under a will accidentally discovered in the Fourth Act, under which the Villain had previously benefited. He handicapped himself severely by his devotion to the Heroine, a female of no available assets at the rise of the curtain, who might be written off as a bad debt. He had greatly injured his financial position by the rejection of the Villainess, a person of doubtful antecedents but of considerable social influence.

My examination of the accounts has been largely impeded by most of the important documents having been in wrecks under water, in pirates' secret caverns, and in hidden panels on the Villain's premises.

I am, dear Sirs, Yours faithfully, T. SMITH, Chartered Accountant.

PENNY FARES TO PARNASSUS.

["There is only one literary paper, dealing not only with literature, but also with the broader issues of life, and at the same time putting finger-posts and milestones on the long and pleasant road of self-culture. This paper is sold at one penny every week, and is known in the four quarters of the globe as *T. P.'s Weekly*. . . . You do not know Literature if you have not studied the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome. It is not necessary to-day to know Greek and Latin to study the classics. . . . If you wish to follow an ordered method of study in the quietude of your own home, read 'How to Study the Classics' in this week's *T. P.'s Weekly*."] *Addt. in "Daily Chronicle."*

Would you master the grace that was Greece's?

The grandeur that glorified Rome?

The names of NAPOLEON's nieces?

The way to perform on the comb?

Would you learn who discovered WATTS-DUNTON?

What PEMBERTON paid for his car?

And whether it's safer to punt on

The Cam or the Cher?

Do you want to be sure of pronouncing

Correctly the painter called CUYF?

To know when a baby is bouncing?

Why onions are wedded to tripe?

Where MEREDITH met Mrs. NORTON?

Why Scotsmen ejaculate "hoots"?

And why our revered Dr. HORROR

Wears waterproof boots?

Don't wallow ignobly and meekly

In ignorance vapid and vile,

But trust to TAY PAX and his *Weekly*

For helping you over the stile.

For only the greed of a vulture,

In gluttony wholly unique,

Could cope with the banquet of culture

He gives you each week.

He'll gorge you with gobbets of

HOMER,

And help you to feel that you've struck

In Odysseus a modern beach-comber,

In Circe a modern *Wild Duck*,

And over the peerless Phæacian,

So noble, so pure in her ways,

This gushing Hiberno-Alsatian

Will ladle his praise.

He'll dose you with pilules of DANTE,

With plenty of jam of his own:

And he'll blither about Rosinante,

For he won't leave *Don Quixote* alone;

You'll have, say, three minutes with

SCHILLER,

With GOETHE it may run to five,

And ten with Sir ARTHUR COUCH

(QUILLER),

Because he's alive.

Then your history—ah, he's the jockey

To heighten the gingerbread's gilt!

With a style that is bounding and cocky

And moves with an unctuous lilt;



He. "IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO LONG DRESSING WE SHOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS TRAIN."
She. "AND IF YOU HADN'T HURRIED ME SO WE SHOULDN'T HAVE SO LONG TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT."

With his fervid rebukes of the haughty
Who harry the poor with their hate,
And his generous views of the naughty,
His love of the great.

He'll tell you how HANNIBAL over
The Alps with his elephants won,
And how you go under in clover
To-day, when escorted by LUNN.
He'll tell you correctly the size of
Our good QUEEN ELIZABETH's ruff,
And paint JOAN OF ARC in the guise of
A militant suff.

In fine, if you wish for a dollar—
For it's only a penny a week—
To master the lore of the scholar,
Though guileless of Latin and Greek,

To give to your usual tipples
The taste of Pierian flip,
Then come to O'CONNOR, ye cripples,
He'll teach you to sip.

"Sir Thomas Moore's 'Gulliver's Travels' was more a political satire than a propaganda of ideals."—*Literary Monthly*.

We could have forgiven this little mistake in the *Motor Bicyclists' Weekly* or the *Fur and Feather Gazette*, but not in the *Literary Monthly*.

"When he found himself without a shilling in Lisbon, and determined to get home to England at any cost, an inborn love of the sea naturally turned his thoughts towards a ship."
London Magazine.

But for this accident of birth he would have returned by taxi.



THE LATEST AMUSEMENT.

The General. "WHY! WHAT THE DOOCE—WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU UP TO?"

His Offspring. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, FATHER, WE'RE ONLY GOING TO HELP TO 'CREATE ATMOSPHERE' AT LADY DUMPERLEY'S KNIGHTSBRIDGE CABARET."

BIDE A WEE.

MY DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—I write to you with some heat to protest against a gross injustice. They have taken to closing our village post-office every Wednesday at 2 o'clock—for a half-holiday.

This half-holiday resolves itself into Maggie Hepburn—who is in charge and never on principle goes out of the house in winter—sitting before the fire in the office, knitting socks and wearily waiting—so she tells me—for her tea. The only difference between Wednesday afternoon and any other afternoon is that you can't get in. The stamps are there, the postal orders are there, Maggie is there. But you can't get at any of them.

I should not have minded so much about it if it hadn't been for what happened last week. That offended my most sacred instincts of hospitality. I had a friend staying with me who is in a Government Office, and who went out early on Wednesday afternoon with a letter for his department. It was one of those large handsome blue en-

velopes—you know: O.H.M.S.—which looks so well on hall tables. Well, his memorandum would not go into the letter-box. He strode over to the door and found it locked. I ask you to picture it. Here in the ordinary course of a working day is a Government official with papers for his department unable to enter a post-office. He hammered. The only response was a distant murmurous drone, which at last became intelligible—when he got his ear to the key-hole—as a sort of running monologue from the self-incarcerated Maggie, who was practically asleep before the fire. "Closed for telegrams, the sale of stamps, postal orders, parcels and the savings'-bank."

I ask you to picture it. Here was a Government Inspector, with his dockets and schedules in his hands, debarred from entering His Majesty's post-office.

His next assault elicited the response, "Set it doon, Wullie!" and, when he went on to demand admission in no uncertain terms, "Closed for telegrams, the sale of stamps——"

May I ask you to picture it? Here was a member of the Government about to transport documents by the ordinary course of His Majesty's mails; and what was he told? "Set it doon, Wullie!"

Louder and ever louder he knocked, till at last he heard sounds of movement within, and then in a shrill voice—for Maggie was fully awake by now—the words, "Bide a wee!"

Her only explanation when she appeared at the door was that "she thoct it wad just be Wullie wi' the milk," for the office was "closed for telegrams, the sale——"

Finally, I entreat you to picture it. A Cabinet Minister bearing dispatches demands access to the current facilities of the Royal mails. What is the response? "Bide a wee!"

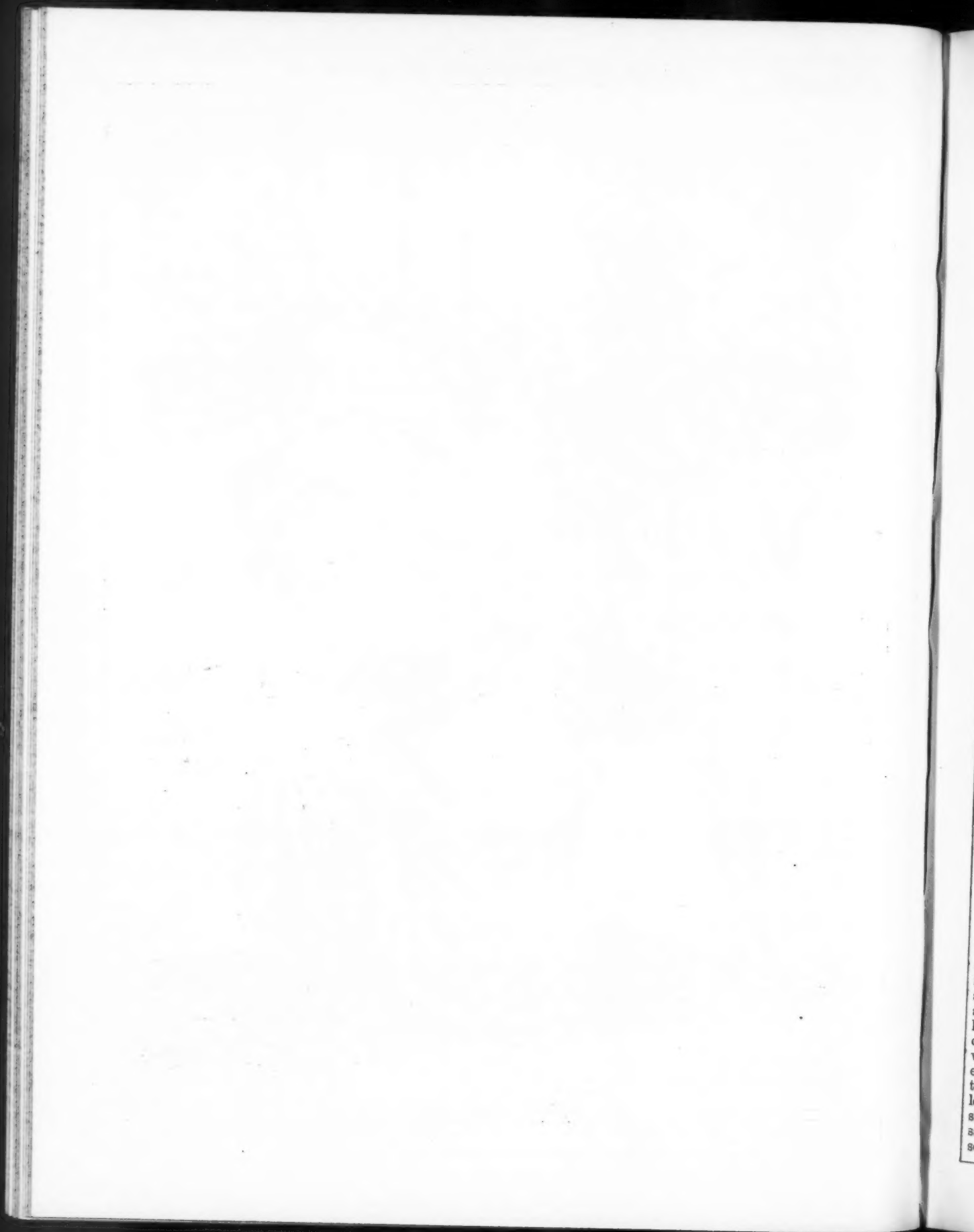
Will you, *Mr. Punch*, take up this scandal and oblige,

Yours faithfully,

ONE-WHO-DOES-NOT-BELIEVE-IN-RETROGRADE-MOVEMENTS-BY-WHICH-THE-PUBLIC-IS-DEPRIVED-OF-FACILITIES-WHICH-IT-HAS-LONG-ENJOYED.



THE VICTIM.





WAITING FOR JACK PEASE.

"Spiders are carnivorous and highly predatory."—*Dictionary.*
(Lord HUGH CECIL.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday February 26.—After eight days, earliest and freshest of the Session, devoted to making speeches round Address (the odd seven wasted) we settle down to consider Civil Service Estimates. Question at issue being a trifle of a few millions House nearly empty. Things generally dolefully dull. Don't know what we should do were it not for COUSIN HUGH. Current state of business presents what to him is favourite opportunity. With so many varied topics at hand surely one will come in useful as demonstrating afresh infamy of the Government.

Ever watched a spider couchant at extreme fringe of its web waiting coming of unsuspecting fly? So COUSIN HUGH sits on corner seat of Front Bench below Gangway with eye on Treasury Bench. Of course there is no personal resemblance between him and spider save, perhaps, in the length and flexibility of the leg, but to one looking on hour after hour association of ideas inevitable. To-night he didn't wait for Committee. Sharply cross-examined MINISTER OF EDUCATION as to "whether the differentiation by the local education authorities of Cardiganshire and Glamorganshire as to the salaries of teachers in non-provided schools is due to sectarian reasons?"

JACK PEASE, who to the authority of President of Board of Education adds the frank artlessness of the schoolboy, made non-committal answer. Forthwith COUSIN HUGH, with tacit permission of the Chair, in series of supplementary questions started brisk little debate. Nothing got out of JACK PEASE. As he could not very well take him by the collar and lead him forth for spanking purposes COUSIN HUGH asked leave to move the adjournment in order to re-discuss matter at greater length.

There are, however, limits to benignity of SPEAKER. Justly thought he had given COUSIN HUGH rope enough. Straightway, so to speak, hanged him with refusal to submit the question.

Business done.—Slow progress in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—By long practice JOSEPH

KING, comparatively new Member, has developed pretty talent for pricking bubbles taking form of organised attack on particular Ministers carried on through Question hour. Yesterday, for example, seven or eight minutes of the forty-five allotted to Questions were occupied by acrimonious debate on already thrashed-out subject of lectures delivered under auspices of Insurance Act Commissioners explanatory of provision of the law.

MAGNUS, WOLMER, ORMSBY-GORE, TULLIBARDINE, and, of course, COUSIN HUGH, having contributed a few remarks to debate, JOSEPH REX slyly asked whether MASTERMAN, who had borne brunt of assault, "would send to all Members of the Opposition a list of the times and places at

which the official lectures are delivered, so that they may have opportunity of really understanding the Act."

To-day similar performance permitted in respect of military correspondent of *The Times*, who quoted a table from the annual Army Report before document was laid on Table of House. HENRY CRAIK fired first shot. SEELY having responded there was instant commotion on Benches opposite. WINTERTON and WILLY PEEL on their legs shouting at same moment. ARTHUR LEE and ASHLEY firing together from Front Opposition Bench.

Stranger in Gallery, with scared face, scanned Question Paper afresh. What was it all about? Understood *Times* was friend, indeed oracle, of Opposition. Why this impetuous demonstration against one of its most distinguished contributors?

Then came along JOSEPH REX and in delightfully casual manner explained the mystery.

"Is the Military Correspondent of *The Times*," he asked, "the gentleman who exposed the ignorance of the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION when he tried to raise a scare about rifles supplied to army?"

As a jet of cold water dissolves a cloud of imprisoned steam, so curiosity about doings and writings of *Times*' Military Correspondent collapsed, and next Question on Paper had a turn.



MR. KING ENJOYS HIMSELF "PRICKING BUBBLES."

(With acknowledgment to Sir JOHN TENNIEL, who obviously invented him.)

Business done.—EVELYN CECIL moved Resolution denouncing increased national expenditure, and LLOYD GEORGE's methods of meeting it. On division majority ran down to forty-four. Jubilation in Opposition camp. Immediate resignation of Government demanded.

Thursday.—NORTH ARMAGH MOORE in great form. A week ago placed on paper question addressed to CHIEF SECRETARY accusing him of having proposed a bargain to owner of public building in Belfast offering him a knighthood if he would place it at disposal of local committee for the WINSTON CHURCHILL meeting. ARMAGH not being in his place to put the question the CHIEF SECRETARY in the ordinary way circulated answer with the Votes.

This, as ARMAGH indignantly complained, was a deliberate attempt to deprive him of the M.P.'s birthright of putting a Supplementary Question.

"Sir," he said, "by answering this question behind my back the Right Hon. gentleman strangled it before its birth."

Business done.—Marking time in Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Prospects of Home Rule Bill not improved by presumably necessary postponement of introduction. Delay provides opportunity for birth and growth of objections that may in end prove fatal. Take the case of the Bedwellty Urban District Bill, for example. I say "take the case" colloquially, for I don't know what it is. Information limited to question put by Mr. JOHN to PRIME MINISTER enquiring "whether, under the provisions of the measure the Government propose to introduce for the establishment of self-government in Ireland, it will still be competent for Irish Members of this House to oppose Welsh Private Bills dealing exclusively with local affairs, as in the case this Session of the Bedwellty Urban District Bill."

Here clearly recognisable are seeds of racial difference that in respect of Home Rule Bill may withdraw support of Welsh Members. Be sure our Mr. JOHN knows what he is talking about, although we may not.

Even more threatening are the movements of the Irish dredger hanging off and on the Terrace of the House. She hove in sight last Monday; was instantly challenged by Captain CRAIG, who in conjunction with NORTH ARMAGH MOORE has since given the Irish Government no rest. The dredger, one gathers from Ministerial replies, was purchased by the Irish Board of Agriculture for service in various harbours. T. W. RUSSELL, whose replies are given with whispered

humility foreign to his familiar habit in former days, pleads that the vessel was bought second-hand. That is neither here nor there. What Captain CRAIG wants to know, and what ARMAGH in stentorian tones repeats, is: Will there be shown any religious partisanship in allotting the services of this dredger, whether bought second-hand or at first cost?

The MEMBER FOR SARK, watching these gallant Members, separated by the space of two benches, is reminded of pleasant evenings of his boyhood spent in company of Christy Minstrels who never performed out of London.



ANXIOUS TO INSPECT THE RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS EVEN OF A "DREDGER."
(Captain JAMES CRAIG.)

"Conversation," he says, "just like that carried on between Mr. Johnson in centre of the black semi-circle and Brother Banjo at one of the ends. 'Now, Brother Banjo,' says Mr. Johnson, 'with respect to this yere dredger. What do you think about it?' 'Wall, Mr. Johnson,' says Brother Banjo, scratching his wool with the handle of his musical instrument, 'I don't rightly know. But considering its owners I speat it's up to somethink pretty bad.' And so on, whilst the Minister waits for his vote, and the wheels of the Legislature are locked."

Business Done.—Plural Voting Bill introduced by HAROLD BAKER.

Mr. HARRY LAUDER has telegraphed to *The Daily Mail*, "I will give £5 to any man who will frame a measure to settle the miners' strike." And so Mr. ASQUITH is going to try again.

LAYING THE BLAME.

"WHAT do you think I have gone and done?" said Miranda, meeting me in Regent Street.

"Lost your umbrella again," I guessed.

"Right in once," said she. "It was the stupid cabdriver's fault."

"Last time it was a stupid butler's fault."

"So it was," she murmured.

"And the time before it was a stupid porter's fault. And the time before that it was your stupid brother's fault. And the time before that . . ."

"What are we going to do about it?" she interrupted.

"Taxi!" I called, and the god in the machine drew up beside the pavement.

"Scotland Yard, please."

"I always call it the Yard," observed Miranda, making herself comfortable.

"That savours to me of undue familiarity," I suggested.

"But you see, we know each other rather well," she explained.

"Ah!" said the Sleuth-in-charge, smiling his recognition. "I hope you are keeping well, madam? What can I do for you this time?"

"I want to see some umbrellas, please."

I corrected her in a private whisper. "Don't forget, it is *Scotland Yard*. You should have said, 'It's a wee bit brollie A'm wantin' the noo!'"

"Nonsense," she retorted. "My friend is a perfect linguist . . . Yes, I want an umbrella, please."

"An umbrella?" said the Sleuth, raising his eyebrows. "Didn't you like the one you had off us last week?"

"Yes, I like it very much indeed. That is why I want it." Miranda then began smiling, and the Sleuth displayed then and throughout the selection his contemptible weakness. However, before he actually handed over the umbrella, "It is my duty, madam," he said reluctantly, "to ask you to be a little more careful in future."

Miranda pouted, being, as you will observe, a scandalous person.

"Ah, no," continued the blushing Sleuth, "I did not mean to lay the blame on you. No doubt it was the umbrella's fault. I only meant to ask you as a favour to be more stern with it in future."

"It shall not happen again," said Miranda.

"I will see to that," I added severely, being a little nauseated.

Scotland Yard was only waiting for someone to rebuke. Miranda being impossible, I was just the very thing. "You should have seen to it before,

"Sir," I was told. "This is the third or fourth time."

"I am not certain that it is not the fifth," said Miranda, also turning on me. The suggestion now was that it was not the umbrella's but my fault.

"You cannot expect the State to maintain an expensive department simply to look after your umbrella, Sir," said the Sleuth.

"It is not mine," said I shortly.

"You cannot expect the State, then, to maintain an expensive department simply to relieve you of the duty of looking after your wife's umbrella, Sir."

"It is not my wife," said I.

"Then you have no excuse," said Miranda, and I left them in disgust.

I waited outside for Miranda, and I waited a very long time. At last she came, with a flushed smile on her face. "A charming man," she said, as I bundled her into another taxi. "Though he tells me that he is very overworked. Men, he says, are so careless with their own and other people's property."

I refused to have anything to do with her, even to look at her.

* * * * *

"What do you think I have gone and done?" said she, as we drew near her home. I had noticed that she had been a little restless for the last minute or two. Knowing, without looking to see, what she had lost, I leant out of the window and gave fresh directions to the driver.

"The Yard?" enquired Miranda.

I nodded. "Yes, and you are going to tell the Sleuth that it was his fault, this time."

Miranda tried one of her smiles on me. "And you are coming in to agree with me?" she suggested.

"No," I said, with a note of revenge in my voice, "I am going to agree with the Sleuth."

"The same thing," she prophesied correctly.

THE UP-TO- CANDI } DATE.

MR. GLAZEBROOK, a Candidate in the South Manchester bye-election, who was at sea when the vacancy occurred, by making use of the "wireless" to express his views on the questions of the hour, has shown himself as up to date as his Committee, who sent him a Marconigram urging his return. The events which ensued, however, have not confirmed the following outline of Mr. GLAZEBROOK's further proceedings:—

Mr. GLAZEBROOK, who arrived in the Bay of Biscay this (Wednesday) evening, was met by express motor-boat, *The Slick*, and, having dived into the



FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN ARTISTIC LIFE.

FRANTIC SCENE IN THE HOME OF A DRAMATIST WHO HAS JUST HEARD THAT HIS PLAY HAS BEEN PASSED BY THE CENSOR.

sea, was taken up and carried up Channel to Southampton.

Mr. GLAZEBROOK reached Plymouth this (Thursday) evening and almost at once addressed, by telephone, a large meeting of his supporters in Manchester, each of whom had been provided with a receiver. The meeting was, however, delayed for a few minutes owing to Mr. GLAZEBROOK's mistaking the number of the hall where the audience was assembled and ringing up his opponents.

Before leaving the outskirts of Plymouth by monoplane to-night *en route* for the permissible landing-place nearest to South Manchester, Mr. GLAZEBROOK, by means of the duplicate telegram system, wired his election address to each voter in the constituency.

An urgent appeal for motors has been issued by Mr. GLAZEBROOK's agent. The agent points out that, in all cases, the cars should be 1912 pattern.

Mr. GLAZEBROOK, who reached Manchester early this (Friday) morning, had, within half-an-hour of his arrival, addressed twenty-five meetings simultaneously by means of gramophones. It is calculated that before retiring for the night he had explained his views to each voter in the constituency at least three times.

It is announced that, in the event of victory, Mr. GLAZEBROOK hopes, by means of an electric connection, to play "Rule, Britannia" on 500 pianolas at once, the piano-players being distributed over different parts of his constituency.

JONAH JONES.

It is possible that you have read my novel, "Jonah Jones." Possible, I say. You may even be one of the five hundred and seventeen gallant souls who bought it, and who thus contributed to the £10 odd which Mr. Puffinberg, my publisher, has just sent me—payment, I calculate, at the rate of two shillings per thousand words. Well, I ask you candidly, is "Jonah Jones" a funny book or is it not? If I am not a humorist, what am I? I simply want to know. For the reviews have left me in the dark.

The Thunderer, for instance, merely gives the book's measurement with scrupulous exactitude: "8 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$, 287 pp." That was all *The Thunderer* said; but this did not (I gathered from the note at the head of the column) "preclude a lengthier review elsewhere." I live in hopes. A lengthier review elsewhere might settle the question once for all. Meanwhile it is obscure. *The Non-conformist's* review, which begins promisingly, fails to satisfy me: "Sir,—Amongst the thirty-five novels, which I read while on my fortnight's holiday in Banff—during my trip, by the by, I visited a number of manes, of which I propose to send you some notes later—I single out for special mention a story entitled 'Jonah Jones.'"

On page 79 of 'Jonah Jones' the words occur: 'Mary was to meet Edwin at the corner by the Wesleyan chapel.' The sentence arouses an interesting train of reflections. Is Wesleyanism still a power in the land to attract the young people? Have the writings of FICHTE, KANT, HEGEL, SCHOPENHAUER and NIETSCHE begun—as has been alleged—to influence our youths and maidens towards non-churchgoing? . . . (Three columns

are omitted) . . . "The problem before modern Methodism is a serious one, and I am grateful to the author of 'Jonah Jones' for suggesting it. His work is brightly written. I am, Sir, &c., AWEEBITTIE THYNNE."

"P.Q.R.," of *The Orb*, is autobiographical:—"I am ever on the look out

always has some new volumes to show me, knowing my tastes. What psychologists our tradesmen are nowadays!"

As for *The Scrutinisher*: under caption "Readable Novels" its sole remark is "Jonah Jones, by Aubrey Quentin. S. Puffinberg. We like Millicent. But surely her sister should have married Percival?" I deplore

The Scrutinisher's disappointment. But if this cry of anguish—making a timely appearance at the moment when the superfluous stock of "Jonah Jones" is being finally sold as a remainder at fourpence apiece—induces the tantalised *Scrutinisher's* readers (or *The Scrutinisher's* tantalised readers) to clamour for a second edition, I shall not grumble.

My cousin, Mrs. Witherby (spouse of the Rev. James Witherby of Framlingham) informs me that "James liked the story, and asks me to tell you, for your encouragement, how pleased he was to find, amidst the flood of dubious fiction now defiling our literature, a tale so pure and wholesome in its mirth." Is it ungrateful of me to feel no flattery at this encomium?

And then there was my uncle George. Uncle George wrote (on a postcard): "Jolly good!" (A decent chap, Uncle George.) "Congratulations! I'm posting my copy to Fred, in Australia." (Dash it—his presentation copy!

Couldn't he have bought a new one?) "I'd be sorry not to have it on my shelf, to lend to friends, so you might send me another; and don't forget to autograph it."

(The £10 will, at this rate, soon all be back in Puffinberg's till. Do relatives realize that I am charged for my "free" copies?)

Aunt Sophy, from whom I have expectations, was frankly disappointed in "Jonah Jones." "I confess I do



THE WILD WEST: LATEST PHASE.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF A TAFT-HUNTER RELUCTANTLY TAKING TO THE TRAIL.

for new authors whom I can encourage. Of such is Mr. Aubrey Quentin, writer of a tale, which I read at a single sitting, 'Jonah Jones.' We of the literary world are apt to be disconcertingly realistic, and I make no apology for mentioning that I happened on the book while at my barber's, whose address—which wild horses will not drag from me—is within a hundred miles of Bond Street. He is an intelligent fellow, this barber of mine, and



Sportsman to Lady (whose horse has been lashing out in a gateway). "DO YOU KNOW THAT HORSE OF YOURS IS AN AWFULLY BAD KICKER!"
Lady. "OH, YES, I KNOW; BUT I'VE GOT SO USED TO IT NOW, THAT I DIDN'T MIND A BIT."

not care for these fanciful romances," she wrote. "Of course I am no critic, but it has always seemed to me that something human and true is required to ennoble a book, and to make it appeal to the best that is in us. Real life—that is what I ask for in a novel. Writers like those dear people, Caroline and Arthur Drivelle, or Coralie Lexington, or that American woman, Constance Eddy Fogge, who wrote 'Dawn Thoughts'—writers who hold up the mirror to nature and who never jest at sacred things,—these are the models to which I commend you, my dear nephew."

And those precisely were the models I commended (when I was making "terms" with him) to Mr. Puffinberg. But he couldn't see it.

* * * * *

So you perceive my difficulty—how hard it is to find out whether "Jonah Jones" is really funny.

But one thing I have discovered from these criticisms—that whether a book has humour or not of its own, it may be the cause of humour (however unconscious) in others! That is something to be glad about in this vale of tears.

Newmarket Notes.

"Slight injury to My Collar."
 "Evening News" Sporting Headline.
 It sounds as if it had left the stud.

TO A STROLLING PLAYER.

ON Fridays when the office clock
 Proclaims the hour of two,
 My thoughts with an unwelcome shock
 Betake themselves to you—

To you who seek to make mankind the
 brighter,

To gladden lives in carping cares
 immersed,
 Standing, with that intent, outside
 "The Mitre,"

Where rude, rough men assuage the
 pangs of thirst.

How often have I seen you come,
 Clad in grotesque attire,
 And pitch your chosen medium,
 The horizontal lyre,

Whence you with clanging chords and
 keyless clamours

Extract the ancient tunes that charm
 you still,

Pounding the strings with two infernal
 hammers

And, I must own, no small amount
 of skill.

I wonder do you ever think

How galling you can be;

How near you bring me to the brink

Of sheer profanity?

But never till to-day, when over-laden

With correspondence sadly in arrear,

Did I say things before the typist maiden

That typist maidens never ought to
 hear!

It might have chanced to any man,

For human 'tis to err;

I took a letter and began,

As usual:—"Dear Sir,"—

Then you commenced to play and in
 the heat of

My righteous anger (righteous, I'm
 convinced),

I thus continued:—"I am in receipt of
 Your blasted favour of the second
 inst.—"

The maiden started when she heard;

A blush suffused her cheek:

She said (and she will keep her word),

"I leave to-morrow week!"

Thus often will the Fates with malice
 spiteful

Make man, though innocent, their
 sport and play,

You will return to make my Fridays
 frightful,

She, on the other hand, will keep
 away!

We always go to the *Uddingston Standard* for the latest news of the Bothwell Literary Association. According to a recent number:—

"Public business consisted of a debate on the motion 'That the Modern Cheap Press is inimical to Culture.' . . . The motion was defeated by 23 votes to 21. Next week County Councillor Pollok will give an essay entitled 'Arma Verninque Carno.'"

The price of the *Uddingston Standard* is one halfpenny.

THE PATH TO REALITY.

(Hints for the representation of our everyday joys and sorrows in the Greek form.)

III.—THE ELECTORS.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

A Candidate, a Chairman, an Interrupter; Chorus of Labourers.

SCENE—A hall arranged for a political meeting in an agricultural village. Time, 8 P.M.

CHAIRMAN.

O thou who makest even voters fair,
Great Zeus, befriend me when I take the chair!
Skilled am I in the garnering of sheaves,
And highly skilled in muttons and in beeves.
In barley, oats and wheat I stand supreme;
My cows give milk that's passing rich in cream;
I know the due rotation of the crops;
My produce fills the market and the shops.
And I abhor the foreigner's devices,
The freaks of weather and the fall of prices,
Proposing still—a plan too oft rejected—
That British farming ought to be protected.
Therefore men came and added to my pride:
"To-night," they said, "we want you to preside.
You'll make the village your eternal debtor,
For none, be sure, could do the business better."
Behold me, therefore, while I stand and wait
The longed-for coming of our Candidate.

CHORUS.

We who work on the land, refreshing toil of the day by
sleep at night,
Ploughing, pasturing, reaping, threshing, little we reek of
the world's delight.
Winds may beat us and rain defeat us, yet we labour from
youth to age;
Small is the guerdon of all our burden, narrow the house
of our heritage.
Nay, but they seek us now and speak us soft and pleasant
and fair enough:
"Blue," says one, "is the only colour"; "No," says
another, "Vote for buff."
Laws may offer us plots for tillage, but the House of the
Laws is far, we fear,
And the agent watches the quiet village, yea, and the lord
of the land is near.

To us, then, deeply pondering it appeareth better not to
utter words, for a word once spoken cannot be recalled,
and there are those that will use it against the speaker.
Therefore we call upon the fair mistress of well-considered
thoughts to come to our aid. O Silence, on whose rocky
front impetuous rashness beats in vain, be thou with us
to-night. Lap us in thy kind embraces, so shall everyone
beholding our demeanour take pleasure in us, for thus
prudence ordains. But what is that double light in the
distance, rapidly approaching not without a swift pulse of
reiterated noise, oil-scented and with four wheels wildly
revolving? For us, indeed, it were wiser to sit down,
reserving our judgment.

[The Candidate arrives in a motor-car. He shakes
hands all round, and the meeting begins.]

CHAIRMAN.

All unused to public speaking let me say that there has come
Such a crisis to our country that no man can well be dumb.
We have got a very eloquent and learned Candidate:
He will speak to us, expounding all the evils of the State;

He will scorch our base opponents at the furnace of his
scorn,

And support a tax on many things, including one on corn.
We shall pass a vote declaring that we mean to get him in;
So I think I shall resume my seat and ask him to begin.

CANDIDATE.

Hem—Mr. Chairman, Ladies, Gentlemen,
The one great object of my fond desires
Has been—ahem—to speak to you to-day.
Hither on eager wheels I made my way
From one large meeting, and I shall go hence
Even to a third—that ends my task to-night.
Well now—ahem—this miserable Act,
This so-called National Insurance Act,
What is it but—

INTERRUPTER.

an admirable thing.

Candidate. Don't turn him out—

Interrupter. I'd like to see the man
Who'll turn me out.

Candidate. Well, let us pass from that.
What of the Irish? If they have Home Rule,
Will there not come disruption to the State
And loss of all our Empire?

Interrupter. No, there won't.

Candidate. Let but that gentleman withhold his speech,
And when my speech is ended he shall stand
Here on the platform and address you all.

[Disturbance.]

CHORUS.

Rash, indeed, is the man who interrupts, but for us there
is wisdom in his words, and from the words of the Candi-
date wisdom, too, is not absent. How shall a man decide,
and in what hiding-places shall Truth be found?

Candidate. Winged, in truth, is Chronos, but do thou
restrain thy words.

Interrupter. Not so, for on my tongue no ox hath walked.

Candidate. Thou weavest speeches as one not responsible.

Interrupter. Responsibility is of many sorts, but the gods
punish the arrogant.

Candidate. Prate not of arrogance, being thyself a brawler.

Interrupter. No brawler am I, but a free speaker in a city
that is not enslaved.

CHAIRMAN.

Enough of this. I now propose a vote,
A resolution, call it what you will,
Pledging us all to back our Candidate.
I put it. It is carried. All is well.

CANDIDATE.

Thanks and farewell. This splendid meeting puts
New heart into my breast; and now I go. R. C. L.

From a catalogue:—

"The 'Georgics' was Virgil's great poem, and on it he depended for
his reputation with posterity. His 'Aeneis' was unfinished, and fell
short of Homer's Iliad, but like a true Roman he could brook no
superior, and in the 'Georgics' he completely triumphed over the
Greek poet. It is the greatest poem on Husbandry ever written."

It is only fair to mention that HOMER, like a true Greek,
triumphed again in the Final Test with the *Odyssey*—the
greatest poem on Husbands ever written.

The Crisis.

1st Lady: What are they striking for? More wages?

2nd Lady: Either for more or less—something like
that.



G. L. SEARNS.

First Passer-by. "IF I HADN'T BEEN SO CLOSELY BUTTONED UP, I'D HAVE GIVEN THAT POOR BEGGAR A SHILLING TO GET SOMETHING TO WARM HIM UP A BIT."

Second Passer-by. "AH! YOU ALWAYS LET YOUR HEART GET THE BETTER OF YOUR HEAD. HE DOESN'T FEEL THE COLD LIKE US; AND I'VE GOT AN EXTRA WAISTCOAT UNDER THIS FUR COAT, AND YET I'M NONE TOO WARM."

ENGLISH AZ SHE IZ TU BE SPELT.

(BY A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE.)

FIRE by a recent article by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER in *The Daily Mail* I have lately joined the "Simplified Spelling Soesiety," and, with the enthusiasm of a convert, have just been trying it on the dog in the shape of various friends and relatives. The appended correspondence will show, I fear, the regrettable obtuseness and conservatism of the recipients.

Wenzdai, Feb. 21

DEER AANT LOOEZA,—I riet tu onewier aafter yuer helth, az I heer yu hav been il laast weec. I thinc it mlet buc yu up a bit tu lurn the nyu orthografi. It iz cwiet eesieting, triing tu maic out whot looes liec "Dubl Duch" and iz reali yuer oen muther tung aul the whiel. Wood yu cair to see sum pamflets?

Yuer afecshunit nevyu, HORIS.

P.S.—Thingz ar not veri brilyunt with me just at prezent.

MY DEAR HORACE,—I greatly regret to observe, after all your poor father spent on your education, how sadly your spelling has deteriorated. Why, my gardener's little boy, who is just six years old, can write a more intelligible letter than the scrawl you favour me with. I really cannot be bothered to decipher it. I think you had better take a course of evening lessons at a continuation school. As regards your postscript, I have made it a rule *never* to lend money under any circumstances whatsoever.

Yours regretfully,

LOUISA M. BLUNT.

Tyuezdai, Feb. 20.

DEEREST FILIS,—Du sai yu wil join the nyu soesiety and simplifi yuer speling, which I no iz aulwaiz a trubl tu yu. Yu woen't wont tu yuez a dicshunari oni mor. I am shuer it will saiv me poundz, and so thair iz a byue-tiful fyuetiur in vyu, if yu wil oenli naim the dai for us tu be spliest. Mai I cum tu te tomoro az yuezhyual?

Yuer luving HORIS.

DEAR MR. SPIFFKYNs,—I am obliged by your letter of even date, but feel bound to say that I do not consider your allusions to my spelling to be in the best possible taste. Shall we be *quite* able to understand each other in future if we correspond in two different languages? Had you not better think it over very seriously? I am afraid I shall be detained at the office to-morrow afternoon. Yours sincerely,

PHYLLIS SMYTHERS.

MI DEER BOBBI,—I fansi the encloezd speling ruulz ar in yuer lien. Tel yuer maaster I hav poot yu up for the Soesiety and aasc him tu join tu. Hoeping yu ar no longer botom ov yuer claas,

Yuer afecshunit uncl, HORIS.

DEAR UNCLE HORACE,—I shode your papers to old Wackham and he neerly had a fitt. He said what do you mean by it boy why your spelling is vile enuff as it is. He said stop in after scool and write it all out into propper English. So don't send me any more. Yor affecshant nephew, BOB.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON is a bowler of literary googlies who is apt on occasion to lose his length. In *Manalive* (NELSON) he has lost it very badly. Occasionally a stray delivery pitches on the right spot and whips in smartly, but for the most part it is very tame stuff that he sends down. On page 264, "Mr. Moses Gould . . . was understood to suggest that the reader should shorten the proceedings by leaving out all the adjectives. Mrs. Duke, who had woken up, observed that she was sure it was all very nice." Personally I belong to the Gould rather than the Duke school of thought. Adjectives, like Worcester sauce, are a condiment. Mr. CHESTERTON uses them as a fluid. To my mind he is unwise to attempt the narrative form. Digressions which amuse in an essay irritate when they stop the action of a novel. *Manalive* is simply an essay masquerading as a novel. All the characters talk at great length and in exactly the same way. There is material for a good short story in the central idea, of an eccentric and energetic man who resolves to be alive and to make others live. To this end he tramps round the world in order to win through to where he started; he prevents married life becoming monotonous by romantically eloping with his wife at frequent intervals, and he carries a revolver which he fires at pessimists in order to make them thankful that they are not dead. Five thousand words would cover the idea nicely. Mr. CHESTERTON uses sixty thousand. Even in philosophic farce a little dryness, a little restraint, is not amiss. At a music-hall recently I heard a comedian, singing a mildly comic song, stop in the middle of the second stanza in order to give humorous mispronunciations of the word "rhinoceros." After a while a voice from the gallery said, without heat but firmly, "Get on, Gus!" He got on. Those three words would form an admirable motto for Mr. CHESTERTON.

When I say that the name of *Joseph*, in the title of FRANK DANBY'S new novel, *Joseph in Jeopardy* (METHUEN AND Co.), is taken from the Old Testament, experienced readers of the fiction of the day will have no difficulty in constructing the main incident of the plot. For they will, of course, realise instantly that POTIPHAR'S wife is there too. In FRANK DANBY'S version of the story, POTIPHAR'S wife is a young widow whose soldier-husband was killed in the East, and *Joseph* is a young Apollo who has married the dull daughter of a wealthy catering-contractor. In addition, he is a county cricketer of great lustre and a dealer in articles of vertu in the West End. Our novelists so seldom go to Lord's for the heroes of sexual studies that this book has a

certain touch of novelty in so doing; but it is all the novelty it possesses. For the rest there are the familiar scenes of temptation: the motor rides at night, the boudoir with its sofa. The author writes, as always, with directness and vigour and with considerable knowledge of sections, at any rate, of the society which she describes; but the circumstance that *Joseph* does not fall but becomes fonder of his wife, is not sufficient to redeem the book as a whole from a charge of commonness. Probably the best piece of work in the novel is the portrait of this wife, though it would be straining meaning to call her interesting.

When I saw that *The Victories of Olivia* (MACMILLAN) was a volume of short stories by Miss EVELYN SHARP I

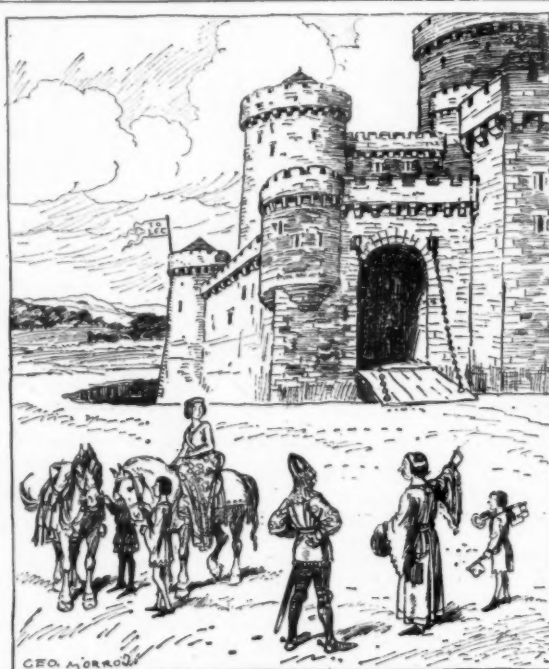
allowed myself some pleasant anticipation, because I have long held that for a certain type of *conte*—brief, rather mordant, impressionist studies of modern life—Miss SHARP is without her equal. I still think so; but I am bound to say that not all of *The Victories of Olivia* shows her at her best level. Several of the tales indeed descend as nearly to the commonplace as is possible for a clever writer. Revolting daughters who captivate opposition, school-girls who discover secret passages—these are the merest dry sticks of pot-boiling, however neatly Miss SHARP may bind them together. Yet, to drop metaphor, even in the most obvious and artificial of the stories you are safe to find some witty turn, or some pleasant and human person, such as just redeems the whole from the charge of being the sort of stuff that anybody could write. Still, for about half the book I confess I was disappointed. Then I came upon two things that more than restored for me my ancient faith. One

was a collection of three random *Reminiscences*, which in their exquisitely delicate art seemed to me worthy of the best of the old *Yellow Book* days. The other was a story called *Jimmy's Aunts*, about an elderly household of maiden aunts and an uncle, and its invasion and consequent leavening by a boy-nephew "up for a scholarship." The truth and humour and pathos of this apparent trifle must be read to be believed; I hardly think it could be bettered.

George Crossmith.

Died March 1, 1912.

FAREWELL, G.G., with aim so true
In shooting folly as it flew;
Who brought so much whole-hearted joy
To patrons of the old Savoy;
And in these pages helped to give
"A Nobody" the power to live.



HOUSE-HUNTING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Baron. "ARE THE DEFENCES IN GOOD CONDITION?"

The Agent. "THEY ARE SO PERFECT, MY LORD, THAT WE ARE COMPELLED, IN THE INTEREST OF OUR CLIENT, TO ASK FOR THREE YEARS' RENT IN ADVANCE."